

Charles H. Scott

CAMP NUMBER

behind the palette



APRIL

VANCOUVER

SCHOOL OF

ART • 1935

LIBRARY

behind the palette



EDITOR: Joe Pearl
ASS. EDITORS: Irma Mathews
Joan Breun
Ceely Horane

SENIOR ADVISOR: Mr. Fred Amess

COVER DESIGNER:
Miss Mary-Jane Kildall

EDITORIAL

With this issue of "The Palette", we come to the close of our first year as a student publication. It seems to us that our efforts have not been entirely in vain, and that we have laid a good groundwork for those who are going to continue after us.

This issue could well be called a "Good-bye" number, for in its columns are printed farewell messages from graduates, student officials, and teachers. Not to be outdone, your editor takes this opportunity of bidding Au Revoir to all readers of our magazine. Thanks go to all who have helped in any way during the past months in making the publication the success we try to think it has been.

The co-operation of the students has been, considering all things, fairly satisfactory. The helpful assistance and constructive criticism of the teachers, and particularly of Mr. Amess, has been invaluable.

There is every reason to believe that now that the ice has been broken, and that the publication has gone through three issues, that next year it will be presented improved in both form and content.

In closing, we offer our congratulations to Miss Kildall, retiring president of the Student Council, for her fine work. To Miss Benson, the new president, we extend our best wishes for the coming term, and we extend our heartfelt greetings to the students, staff and friends of the art school.

CURTAIN -- 1934-35

The end of a school year is always momentous in the life of a student, for it marks the completion of a course of work followed for a period of nine months and it is a time when the student is appraised on the quality and quantity of the work done.

Post-examination time is therefore a time for self-examination.

"Ars longa, vita brevis" - is an old Latin tag but it remains true today, and the art student like any other student must see to it that this brief student life is not misspent.

The world today may appear difficult, but it is the same old world still offering opportunities for those who fearlessly and courageously meet its problems with a trained and steady mind.

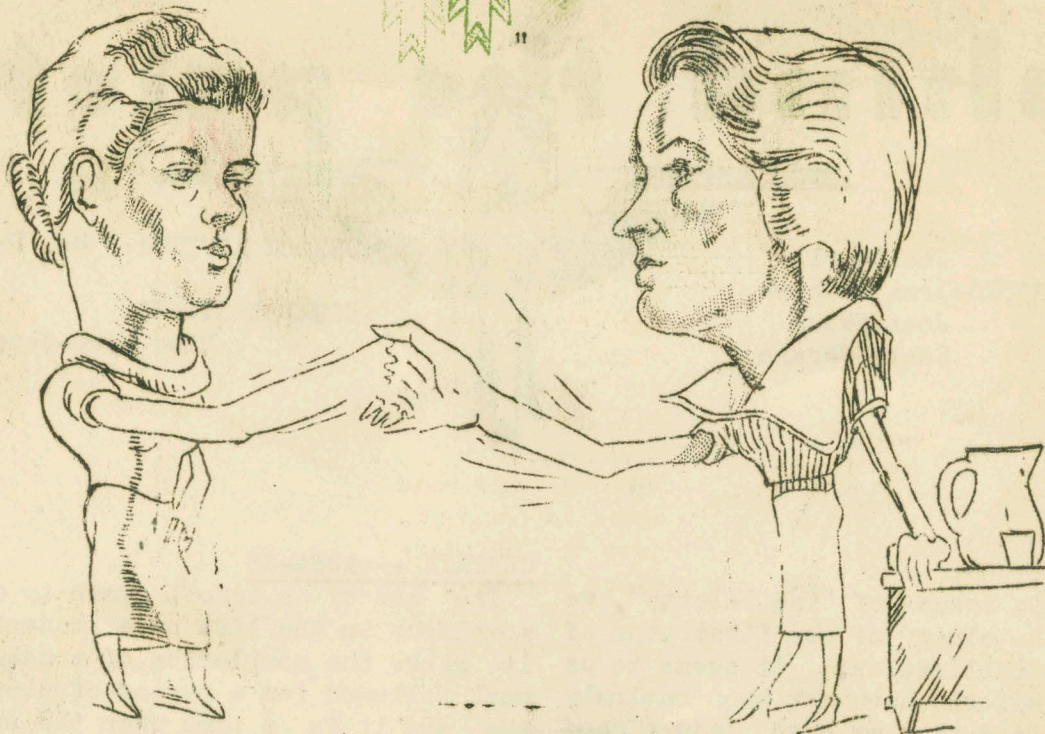
The future is never revealed but much of the best thought of today visions a future in which art and craft will play an even bigger role than it has done in the past.

To those students graduating this year we would say God-speed--believe in yourself and in your work and try with all your might to fit your training to the uses of society.

The school has done its best---the rest is up to you.

This year marks the completion of the first decade in the life of the school. During these ten years art expression and appreciation have developed enormously in the city and province.

The Vancouver School of Art with a student enrolment during these ten years of over 4000 pupils (Day & Evening) has contributed largely to this condition. We have reason therefore to enter our second decade hopefully.



Dear Pallette: - July a few weighty words to let you know how grieved and sorry I am for that truly noble and growing institution, called the V.S.A. for having elected me its new president. Already presidential cares rest heavily upon my slender shoulders. For one thing, that graduation dinner! I shall become prematurely grey over this affair, a perfectly scandalous task to impose upon one in the first days of office. The very idea of proposing a toast makes me feel weak at the knees and my throat dry. Menus, invitations, corsages, etc., are becoming positive nightmares, but I shall go bravely forth and do my duty.

Now that this is all off my mind, I want to wish the graduating class of 1935 the best of luck, now that they are leaving the school, and to hope for years of success in front of them. A special word for Mary-Jane Kildall, our retiring president, who served us so well last year. I know we are all sorry to see them go and hope the same will be said for us next June. Also I wish to give a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Scott for the many very interesting club meetings we have held at their home.

I will now wish you dear Pallette the best of luck and may you carry on and with the school grow bigger and better every year.

-- Joyce Benson

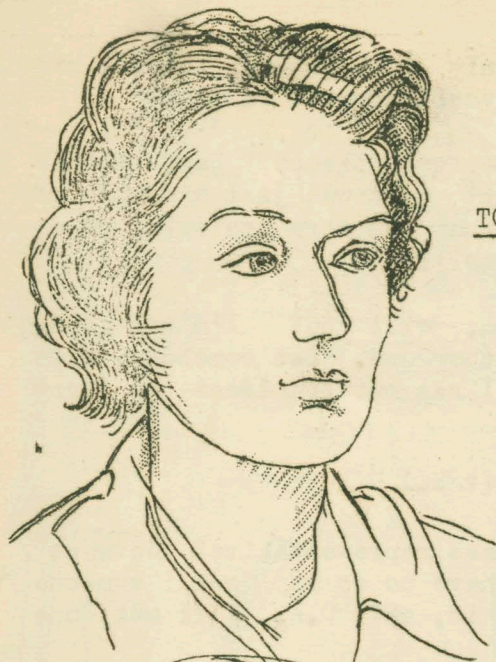
SWAN SONG

One hears that it is always hard to say good-bye. I think that I am going to find it so. If I were gifted with literary eloquence, which I am not, or could aspire to an imitation of Gertrude Stien, which I will not, then possibly this article might prove either interesting or diverting; but since my capabilities are only what they are I must be content with simply "good-bye." And yet it is hard to face with such finality the end of four very wonderful years -- or is it months? It seems almost easier to believe that it is--and the associations they have brought. Especially this last year when it has been my privilege to have a position of some responsibility amongst you, and though I shall not try to make excuses for my shortcomings, for the many things I might have done, or have done better, but did not or could not, still I want to say how very much I have enjoyed it and how very much I shall miss it.

To your now president congratulations. Though the job may sometimes be trying it is very worth while. To her go my best wishes for a successful year.

And to you again good-bye. I have come to the end. And yet they say that it is not the end but merely the beginning. I try to realize that they are right.

-- Mary-Jane Kildall



TO THE 1935 GRADUATES

It is something to have reached the fourth milestone...

You have travelled thus far in company...

Much of the road ahead of you may have to be travelled alone...

May the journey be adventurous, full of colour, sunlight, health, happiness and fulfilment.

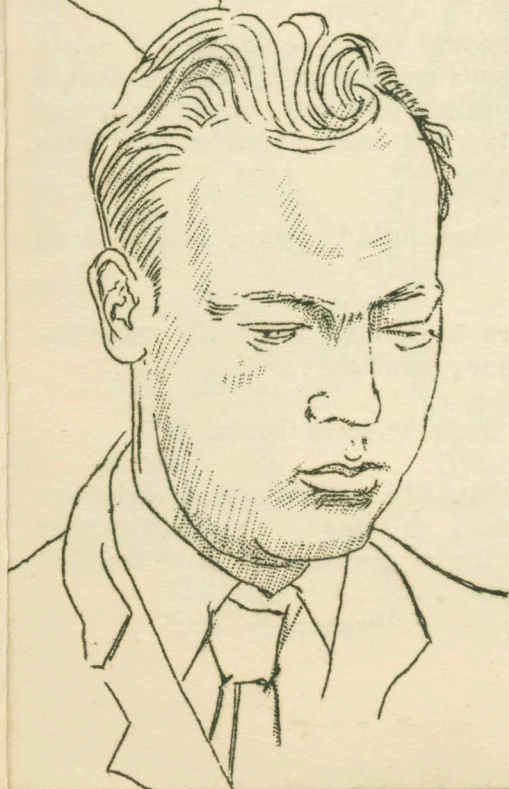
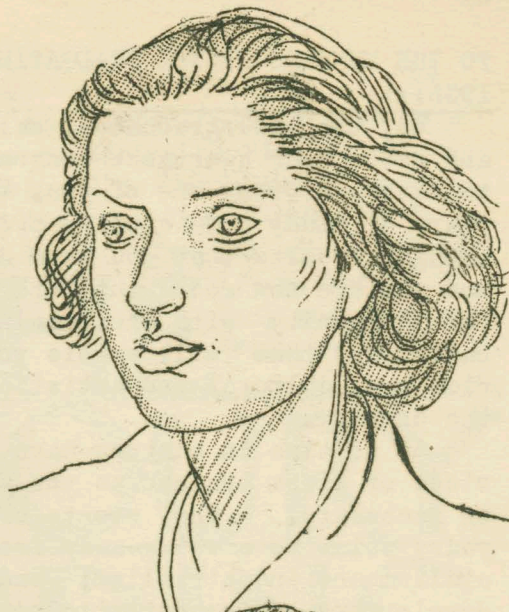
..The Director

Blessings on you, Graduates of 1935 and may the knowledge and the experience planted within you during your school days here keep you ever conscious of the living beauty that is around you.

..Grace W. Melvin

Assuredly my best wishes to to my fellow graduates, and as I do not presume to advise them, I only prescribe a tonic that I have found useful when this cruel world does not reward me according to my merit. "An endless significance lies in work. In idle ~~ness~~ alone is there perpetual despair."

..Mr. Amess,
Senior Advisor



TO THE MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS,
1935:::

We, the undergraduates, salute you, and extend our heartiest congratulation to each and every one of you. Your four years of study and applied effort have brought results that you have hoped for and you are now going out into the greater community with the training and background that will enable you to enrich the cultural and artistic life of the country.

At no time in history have the services of those trained as you are been so necessary. The events of recent years point to a swing-away from commercialism and industrialism, and to the development of the artistic sense, and of the potential capacity for the creation of beauty that is inherent in man.

It is to be hoped that each one of you will carry with you the inspiration and the cultural values that have been given by our teachers, and that each of you will make a contribution in the field that you propose to enter.

The changing times and conditions certain craftsmen find themselves displaced by machinery, the true artist can never be displaced by any technical improvement.

The artist is an indispensable member of progressive society, and as such will advance with time.

We greet you with the old Roman salutation, "Ave Usque Ave Vale" -- Hail and Farewell."

CONGRATULATIONS!

Of late, vague rumors have given us dull forebodings of impending doom, but at last the truth has sparkled forth, and now we know. Our hearts are broken yet we offer sincere congratulations to Miss Wonder on her coming marriage. No longer will her charming smile make paying our good money for art supplies a pleasure -- no longer can we bother her about our many little woes -- no longer can we delay her lunch hour while she finds a book--no longer--yes, alas, but joyance too. Congratulations, best of everything, Miss Wonder.

May you carry happy memories into the many happy years to come.

COISES!

Hiya, there, Joe, what on earth is going on under that dark wavy mop of yours?

You certainly look as if someone had chewed up your favorite rattle.

What? Time for writeups? Say, is this a frame-up? It was just a couple of weeks ago that you were pestering me about the same thing.

Well, scram, will you? I'm not going to do another one. Let somebody else do it. I ran out of ideas the first time.

What's that? ---

I'm the class representative? So what? Oh, all I have to do is get someone else to do it, eh? O.K. I'll ask June Duncan.

Hey, June! How about doing the class writeup this time?

You don't know what to write? Well, my gosh, I guess you can write as much trash as I can!

Yeah, but heck, I've done it twice now.

You say that you have all that Commercial Art to finish? Well, so've I, and five pages of heraldry and some design too. Oh, well, I'll try and get someone else. Just a sec. There's Joyce.

Hey, Joyce, how about ---- etc.

You too. Well, who else is there?

Jean Lindermere? Sure-- Oh, no, I can't ask her, because she didn't like what I put in the first edition about her, and she'd likely get back at me with a cracker-jack slam.

How about Anne Hall? Say, there IS an idea!

Her eyes are bothering her? Do they bother you, too, Joe?

Well, when does it have to be in?

Monday? Well, f'goodness sake, and here it is Friday, so guess I'm in for some brain wracking so get out of here and let me get started.

"Destiny's Tot"

The decoration on this page is a line rendering by Miss Eileen Cokely of her prize-winning cover design. The Savoury Pudding is the official organ of the V.S.A. Summer Camp and is a daily bulletin.

THE SAVOURY PUDDING

ROYAL SAVARY
HOTEL

HOME OF THE
V.S.A.

OUR FOURTH ANNUAL SUMMER SKETCH CAMP

Four years ago, the writer conceived the idea of holding a Summer Sketch Camp following the close of the school year. The idea was born of the wish to see the students carry out the lessons of the winter's indoor teaching face to face with nature out of doors.

It was felt that a group activity of this kind would create stimulation sufficient to enable students to continue their work during the summer vacation.

The first practical step was the finding of a camp location suitable in terms of scenic value - accommodation - and a student purse, (elements not easily compounded).

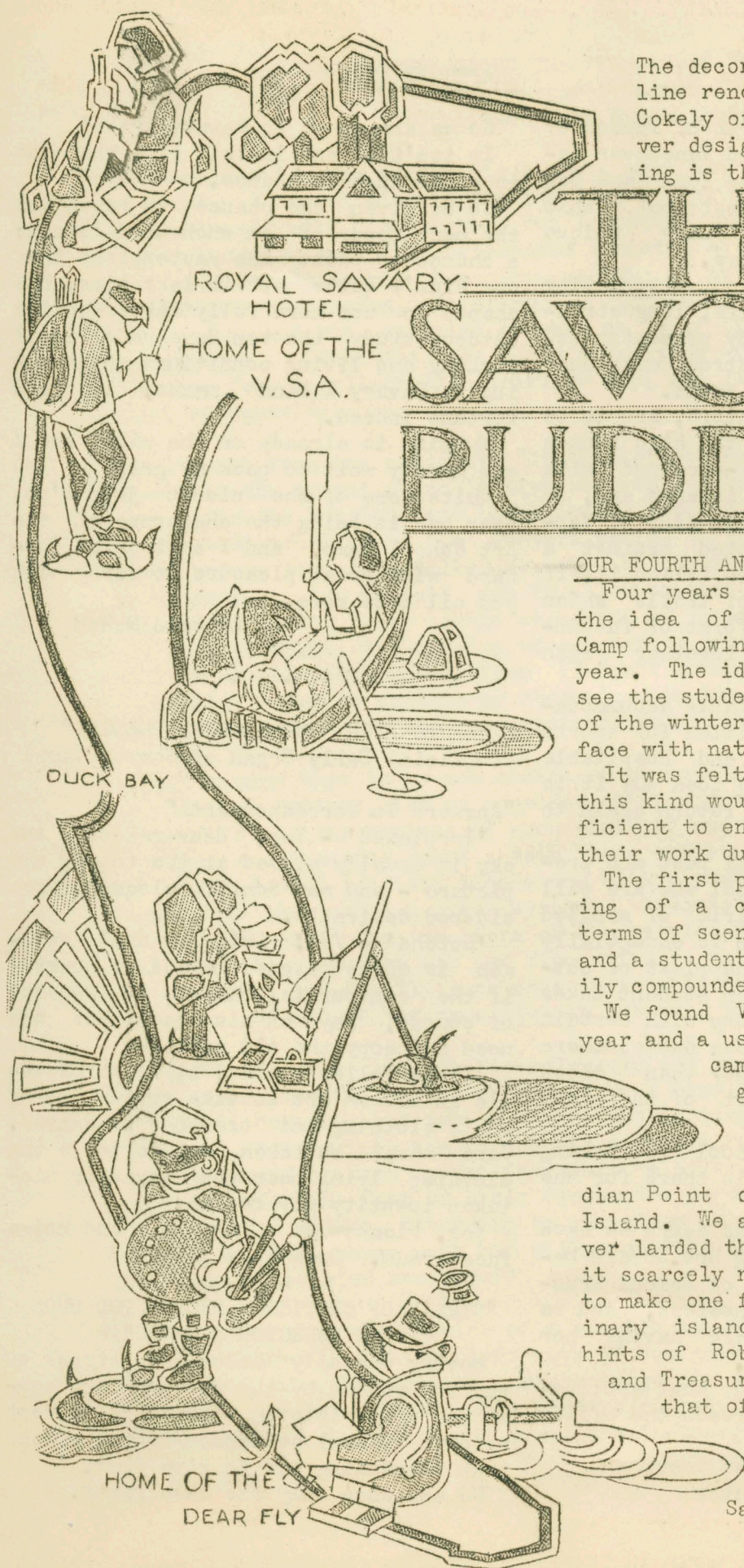
We found Vaucroft during that first year and a useful, jolly, experimental camp was held there with a group of fifty-two students.

The following year we went voyaging a little further and landed at Indian Point on the North end of Savary Island.

We are told that Capt. Vancouver landed there in the year 1792, but it scarcely needs that historical touch to make one feel that Savary is no ordinary island, for in its makeup, it hints of Robinson Crusoe, South Seas, and Treasure Island. Its very shape, that of a crescent moon, seems to suggest something of the magic of that glamorous orb.

Savary is a small island lying
(Cont'd on next page)

E.COKEY



Summer Sketch Camp - (Cont'd)

ing about 85 miles north of Vancouver between the mainland and Vancouver Island. It is six miles long and but half a mile at its broadest; but within that compass it offers many unique forms for the artist's eye.

The shoreline is varied, alternating between great sandy bluffs, long stretches of flat sand, woody promontories, and tide-washed areas strewn with huddled groups of logs and rocks.

Outwards, over the waters, are to be seen, on the one side, the high ranges of the coast mountains -- capped with snow and fringed with islands and, on the other side, the mountains of Vancouver Island silhouetted against a western sky. Within the island itself there is a labyrinth of trails which reveal tree and plant forms of fascinating shape and colour together with the leaping deer.

Add to these - comfortable accommodation, good food - facilities for sports log fires and a large and hospitable lounge and you have some idea why it is that we are planning to return again to Savary.

The camp is open to all past and present students of the school who are willing to come in the spirit of mingled work and play. The camp is essentially a study camp under the happiest of outdoor conditions. Each student takes his or her turn for a day with certain duties. Apart from these duties there are few restrictions other than those necessary for the comfort of the group as a whole.

The Staff of the school is working with the students and is there for the purpose of giving help.

At all of our previous camps we have been fortunate in having Mrs. Edward Mahon, member of the Board of School Trustees, as our official hostess, and we anticipate with pleasure having her with us this year again.

Students are reminded that applications for Camp should reach the office on or before 27th May.

Charles Scott
Director

CHAPERONE CHAT

So we are to go to Savary again!

It isn't often in this life that one is given another chance.

To be given the chance to recapture the many moods of an enchanted Island; a chance to paint the masterpiece that one didn't quite attain last time; the chance to use more fully for effective outdoor study the ten days under ideal working and living conditions which going to Savary Island means, is good fortune indeed.

My mind is already on the wing, and I can hardly wait to pack my grip.

Quite one of the nicest jobs I've ever had is being the chaperone of the Art School Camp, and I am looking forward with great pleasure to being with you all once more.

-- Lilette Mahon

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EXTRACTS FROM "THE SAVOURY PUDDING"
(Official Daily Organ of Summer Camp)

"Answers To Correspondents"

'Perplexed' - Yes, dear reader, the sky is usually placed at the top of the picture - and may contain clouds if considered desirable.

'Hotcha' - Yes! Lying on one's stomach is quite a good method of working if the contour is stable. M. Angelo, of course, lay on his back, but one need not copy the old masters.

'Three Belles' - Yes, it is permissible in modern art to take stains out of one's clothing and transfer to canvas. Care should be taken not to leave the clothing lying near the canvas or mistaken identity may result.

Yes, Picasso is a 'modern' and not a face-cream. Does this jar you?

- o -

"STRAIN OF CRITICISM PROVES TOO MUCH
FOR DIRECTOR'S PANTS"

Moving uneasily under the stress of emotion caused by the works of art submitted for criticism, our correspondent reports visual evidence to the effect that 'something had to give way'.

We announce only the bare facts.

CONTROVERSY ABOUT THE PRINCIPLES IN SOVIET ART

By Margaret Carter
(Continued from March issue)

It is possible for the artist to closely ally himself with humanity and yet remain aloof. I am not disparaging the Soviet idea of the artist intimately identifying himself with his subject, but I contend that it is not necessary for him to take an active part in a collective society; he must through the needs of his artist mind remain apart. Humanity, as long as it is freshly interpreted through individual expression, is eternally interesting. The joys, the tragedies, the struggles and the ecstasies of what we call life are present in every great piece of work. Otherwise, art could not have a universal appeal and would only be for the few, intellectuals shall we say, who lifted themselves away from the contact of humanity.

Again I quote from the article: "It (Soviet regime) requires that the artist be imbued with the spirit of collective society and that he should not be marked or isolated for the Russians are emphatically opposed to the smug aloofness and protest of individuality of the western world." This is a direct statement that all art before it can be called so, must be stamped with a Soviet mark of collective Society. Let me tell you in all emphasis that truly great art bears no stamp and is marked by no static standard. If it were it would not be great, and would fail to fulfil the meaning of a creative piece of work. Again I must state that I am not condemning socialism (I don't consider it my business anyway) but I am merely trying to explain my objections to the principles it involves as opposed to the non-static and non-arbitrary principles of great art.

Bearing in mind that it is not necessary to have a certain kind of government in order to have artists, let us consider other countries and their creative genius. Can Russia claim two artists of such virility and undisputed originality as Jacob Epstein and Augustus John? Both these artists live very much to themselves; they do not loudly identify themselves with a socialist movement nor, on the other hand, do they extol a class system. Because they are great artists they do not seek to assert any one form of how people should live. Rather they lose their identities in the ebb and flow of life which in itself is much richer, much stronger, and finally much more inexorable than any form of government. Thus they are aloof and at the same time an integral part of the trend of humanity.

What about the great artists Michaelangelo and Leonardo? They lived in the time of the Renaissance which has proved to be a time of rich flowering of art. The government, however, was not a Soviet one imbuing the artist with the idea of a collective society. On the throne was a Medici ruler who applauded every sensual practice and granted great freedom to a dissolute clergy. The poor were so much dust under the feet of their Florentine lords. Life was rich and voluptuous, cruel and unjust, according to the class in which one happened to be. Yet do these two men, whose work has withstood the test of centuries, do they seem to be smugly isolated and aloof?

Leonardo, to whom the drawing of a bramble was as important as the composing of the "Last Supper", has not left work of bourgeois nature just because he was not in the thick of a Government. Michaelangelo's great themes embraced all phases of suffering humans' lives. The Sistine chapel frescoes send every form of government toppling and leave one trembling in the great tragedy of life.

(Continued on Page Eight)

Controversy About The Principles in Soviet Art (Conclusion)

I believe it is for the artist to rise above any circumstances, even those of great strife, and suffering, and in the aloofness of the pure flame of his creative faculties he brings forth great works. The resulting art will not be class bound or isolated but will have a direct and poignant appeal to all humanity.

Russia may at some future time evolve great artists, but I think they will be ones who have broken away from the stamp of a collective society. Instead this coming artist will realize the great value of the power to search for the inner meaning and the courage to adventure into the mystery of life.

BEAUTY

Beauty is an assemblage of objects in harmony bringing pleasant reactions to the eyes.

There are two classes of beauty--natural and conventional.

Natural is, of course, the more beautiful, because it consents, as it were, to the Laws of Nature. Natural beauty pertains to geometry--that is symmetry and proportion--and excellent example of this is the human figure. The two most beautiful geometrical figures are the square and circle. Straight lines are more beautiful than curved ones, and to be in accordance with the Laws of Nature, they should be either vertical or horizontal.

When one has learned to appreciate natural beauty in humanity and landscape, life becomes richer, more full, and a clearer understanding of life, itself, will grow accordingly.

Conventional beauty usually pleases us, not always because the object in itself is lovely, but for reasons such as familiarity, fads, different classes of people appreciating different styles --in this sense of beauty also lies a greater possibility for errors. However if one has a clear understanding of conventional beauty, he will obtain a greater variety, and a more informal sense of beauty.

-- Hazen Travis

RAMBLES OF THE FIRST YEAR

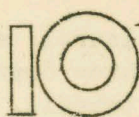
Examinations are now taking place, and the silence that reigns, or is supposed to reign just now, signifies the intense eagerness with which we attack our exams.

Early in the morning of any exam. day we do our best to hurry to school, with that old city chariot practically crawling, and mount many flights of stairs, lugging a heavy portfolio. We attack same, make necessary alterations, and, perhaps, gaze longingly at our prized pieces of work. But all must go--alas! At the last minute people will dash up the stairs, fling drawings, etc., to the north, south, east, and west, and try to get them sorted out in time. Orders for paste and scissors are yelled. Then the bell; and all have to part with their folios and settle down to a day of hard work. Noon is a welcome period, usually reserved for shopping. We buy every store in town and also break traffic rules.

Near finishing time, my brush wants to go everywhere but where it should go just because I want to hurry. For greater speed at the end I do my work standing. It helps a lot. Try it some time.

It is nearing the close of the school year, when we shall go our separate ways to enjoy a well-earned sunny holiday. Here's to seeing us all reunited in September. Cheerio.

-- The First Year



TEN THINGS
TO
REMEMBER

1 The Graduation exercises will take place in the Art Gallery on Friday May 31st., at 2:30 p. m. Diplomas and prizes will be presented by His Worship, Mayor Gerald G. McGoer, K.C., M.L.A. Mr. MacCorkindale, superintendent of schools, will be in the chair and the chairman of the board of school trustees will also address the students.

2 If your folio comes back looking like the years of famine, do not be wrathful but rather rejoice in that work doomed suitable for exhibition has been extracted from it.

3 The Annual Exhibition of Student work will be held in the Art Gallery from Friday May 31st to Sunday June 9th. See it yourself and realize the full scope of your school's activities. Encourage as many of your friends as possible to visit this exhibition.

4 All student work done during the session (excepting such as is being held for exhibition) must be removed from the school by June 3rd.

5 Clean up your lockers. Old bottles of turpentine, paint rags, locks of hair, or anything else that you may be treasuring should be removed before the term expires. The doors should be left open so that these little compartments, alas so often untidy, can relax and breathe freely for the summer. Be careful lest the Clean Up campaign does not include your neighbor's new bottle of turps or pet brush.

6 Keys are to be returned to Miss Wonder. A special incentive towards their return lies in the fact that 25¢ in the specie of the realm will be refunded on each and every key. Hoot, Mon. It's a saving.

7 Summer Camp is a real bargain for the price and a worthwhile investment in art as well as an enjoyable holiday.

8 Summer School may be useful to yourself or some of your friends. See that you know all about it and let everyone know who may be interested.

9 Don't miss the display of child art at the Gallery. Take little brother and sister to see the work of their contemporaries. Take an interest in this significant enterprise.

10 This year marks the ten years of Sane healthy art instruction and every energy should be directed to making the celebration a memorable one.

NINETEEN NONSENSE

(conclusion, thank goodness)

Outside there seemed a lull in the battle, and only an occasional groan crept with sepulchral stealth into the stillness of the room. The slave stood over the miserable wretch doomed to die in his hand the spear of vengeance quivering, in his eyes the lust for bloodshed shining.

"A trifle awkward," thought the teacher, hitching over into the corner where the sink should have been. Finally, as it appeared that unless he spoke he should be impaled, he spoke, "Here, I say, you can't do that."

Then the giant slave spoke in the language of the early Britons (that frightful language where all the s's look like f's) "Peace, flave, if thy crime naught to fuffide thee. You have flain my fifter." Here the slave made what would have been a Dramatic gesture if the object of his solicitude had not regained consciousness and rising received the full force of the flourish.

During the family battle that ensued the instructor made good his escape or as he soon found merely changed captors. Backing from the room he was grasped roughly by Roman soldiers and so found himself within a hedge of spears that strangely resembled pencil points. A General with a hooked nose, brushed his wavy hair and signed to the men-at-arms with a casual "Another Briton. Off with his head--a pause--a critical look at the victim--"near the shoulders."

At that a very determined-looking Amazon immediately started a debate. "No near the head. It's far easier."

"Stick him through with a spear" said a short, stout warrior, "and be done with it."

"With a speahh?" inquired a second Amazon with a searching note.

"Oh, don't do that," spoke up a dark demure damosel, shyly prodding the victim with a spear.

Another damosel said naught but looked with indifference upon the scene.

"Let's take him for a ride," spoke a fair soldier, who drove the chariot.

"Awe, he don't look baad," drawled a seated lady. "Just hang him."

"Enough," cried a young centurion, leaping up with a start that sent a

laurel wreath that had adorned his brow down over his right eye. "Pish and twaddle. To the Queen with him."

"To the Queen with him," they all cried, as this seemed the worst punishment yet.

They were, however, saved the trouble of taking the prisoner to the queen by the Queen, herself, appearing at this moment. At the sight of the prisoner her beautiful smile was replaced by a scowl of huge dimensions and from her lips in accents faintly tinged with foreign music the doom fell as does an easle when the room is hushed.

"Hanging is too good for you, you wretch, you shall forever teach stitchery to the second year."

"No, not that," through trembling lips the "wretch" begged for mercy.

"Awe, sorry," quoth the Queen, relenting slightly. "I'll just kill you myself."

"Nice of you," murmured the victim, watching with some apprehension a huge quill pen being made ready to be thrust into his heart. The thrust came but was turned aside by a palette shaped shield thrust there by a curly headed individual with the remark, "Get 'Behind the Palette.'"

At this moment the whole complex of the scene was changed by a howling mob which swept into the room and quickly overcame the slight resistance offered.

"How now Dixonious," cried the young leader of this barbaric hoard, "is all well without?"

"Without what?" parried the Captain of the Guard.

The leader espied the teacher as he crawled from beneath the shield.

"Say I didn't do it--it was--oh--heck--I mean I did do it--O.K., we did it. You are saved."

"It's about time," remarked the teacher, and was somewhat amazed at his own ingratitude until he found himself once more in room 19 with the class drowsing over their drawing boards.

A bell rings.

At last lots of action.

The class rushes out.

The instructor is left alone, to see ghosts of past years, and to wonder and ponder. Room 19 means much besides nonsense to him. But, ah me, how far the fancy wanders!

